Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiors.

Mont. *Montague, Montague,* for *Lancaſter.*

Edw. Traiterous *Montague,* thou and thy brother
Shall deerely abide this rebellious acte. *Exit.*

Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiors.

War. And loe where *George* of *Clarence* ſweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.

Cla. *Clarence, Clarence,* for *Lancaſter.*

Edw. *Et tu Brute,* wilt thou ſtab *Cæſar* too?
A parlie ſirra, to *George of Clarence.*

Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whiſpers together, and then Clarence takes his red Roſe out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick

War. Come *Clarence,* come, thou wilt if *Warwicke* call.

Cla. Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamy at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers houſe,
(Who gaue his blood to lime the ſtones together)
And ſet vp Lancaſter. Thinkeſt thou,
That Clarence is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life,
And ſo proud hearted Warwicke I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes,
Pardon me *Edward,* for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard* do not frowne vpon me.
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconſtant.

Edw. Welcome *Clarence,* and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.

War. Oh paſſing traitor, periur'd and vniuſt.

Edw. Now *Warwicke,* wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or ſhall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?

War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,

And bid thee battaile, *Edw*
Edw. Yes *Warwicke* he da
Lords to the field, Saint *G*

Alarmes, and then
War. Ah, who is nie? C
And tell me who is victor,
Why aske I that? my man
That I muſt yeeld my body
And by my fall the conque
Thus yeelds the Cedar to t
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ra
Whoſe top branch ouer-pe
The wrinckles in my brow
Were likened oft to kingly
For who liu'd king, but I c
And who durſt ſmile, when
Loe now my glory ſmeard
My parkes, my walkes, my
Euen now forſake me, and
Is nothing left me but my b

Enter Oxfor
Oxf. Ah *Warwicke, Warw*
For yet there's hope enoug
Our warlike Queene with t
And at *South-hampton* lande
And mightſt thou liue, then
War. Why then I would n
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt
For many wounds receiu'd,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſi
And ſpite of ſpites needs m
Som. Thy brother *Monta*

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